

EGYPTIAN HALL,
PICCADILLY.

PROGRAMME

AND

WORDS OF THE SONGS

OF THE

SEVEN AGES

OF

WOMAN.

A New Lyric Entertainment,

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR, AND ILLUSTRATED BY,

MISS

EMMA STANLEY.

EVERY EVENING AT EIGHT (EXCEPT SATURDAY) AND
SATURDAY MORNINGS AT THREE.

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"ILLUSTRATED TIMES."

MISS EMMA STANLEY'S ENTERTAINMENT.—When I have gazed upon the redoubtable Mr. Maddox, with one hand on the small of his back, and the other in his waistcoat pocket, standing at the door of the cigar shop in Oxford Street, and gracefully puffing his smoke into the faces of passing pedestrians, I have often thought of the time when he ruled the roast at the establishment now devoted to Shakespeare and Jackson and Graham; and wondered what had become of the members of his company. Where is Wallack? now a manager himself, and, they say, thriving and prosperous, at New York. Ryder? still in the old house, having become Mr. Kean's lieutenant. Madame Thillon, that charming actress and vocalist? I know not; lost to London, and that applause which always awaited her! And it was only lately that I was wondering whether Miss Emma Stanley, the leading light *comédienne* of the establishment, the "Cleopatra" to Wright's "Antony," the heroine of "Ladies Beware!" "Ernestine," and the "Angel in the Attic," was alive, and if alive, in England; and if in England, why out of an engagement? when I saw by an announcement in the "Times" that she, being both alive and in London, had determined upon starting what, in the Mathews and Yates's day, used to be called a "monopolologue," entitled the "Seven Ages of Woman." With the fullest belief in Miss Stanley—and in her dramatic powers I have every confidence—I confess I read this announcement with feelings of regret. As a theatrical critic, I have to go through many dull evenings, to see lugubrious five act tragedies and mournful farces, and breathe an atmosphere of gas, and heat, and orange peel. The theatres are bad enough, but oh! the entertainments! I have seen "a bottle of champagne uncorked by Horace Plastic;" I have witnessed "aërial voyages," and "tours," "trips," and "excursions;" I have seen the funny man of private society, lured by the success that attended him at the evening parties of Camberwell and Peckham into appearing in public, and I have been present at his ghastly failure and signal defeat; and from these various experiences I have imbibed a horror of an "entertainment," and dreaded the time when I should be compelled professionally to visit St. Martin's Hall, even though Miss Stanley were to be my entertainer. Sir, your editorial mandate came, and I went! Savagely and morosely I turned out into this pleasant Christmas weather, and—did my duty. I never was so agreeably disappointed in my life. From the first appearance of the fair lecturer, until her final curtsy, I was thoroughly amused. There was no dullness, no drag, no protracted "wait." Whenever Miss Stanley was not on her elegantly-appointed stage (and these intervals were but seldom), an excellent pianist played well-selected tunes, and amused the ear, while the eye had pleasant pictures and decorations to rest on.

The entertainment depicting the career of a lady in seven stages of her existence, is written, I believe, by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and excellently suited to Miss Stanley's histrionic powers. She shows us the old monthly nurse dandling the baby, and narrating her Gampish experiences; the romantic, lachrymose school-girl, aged fourteen; the schoolmistress, a regular Minerva House finishing she-dragon; the French dancing-master; the Italian professor of singing; the impassioned lover proposing Gretna Green, and talking electro-plated Byron; the drawing, idiotic man-about-town adorer; the flirt at the piano; the unsophisticated country girl, full of her cousin George and his nonsense; the scandal-loving old maid; the Somersetshire, Irish and Scotch maid-servants; the "Family Herald" reading maid-of-all-work; the strong-minded woman; the honest-hearted, hard-working mother of a large family, and the broken-down, asthmatic, garrulous old grandmother—each type being perfect as a representative of its class.

Perhaps her greatest and truest impersonation, is the flirt at the piano, where, as the girl of society, she goes through a scene with an admirer, such as is nightly enacted at every evening party in London. There is no strain after theatrical effect in this character; her every movement is natural, and her variety of intonation excellent. The idea is evidently borrowed from a similar scene in Albert Smith's "History of the Flirt," but it is well worked out here, and I mean no slur when I say that Miss Stanley's conception of the character is excellent. Next to Miss Flytilla, I prefer Grandmother Gray, the "last scene of all," the make-up for which is marvellously true to nature, as is the walk and the half-absent manner. After this, perhaps the "Monthly Nurse" is the next in truth to nature, though I fancied I traced a resemblance to Mrs. Keeley's well-known personation of Mrs. Gamp. It is, however, useless to particularise; each character is sustained as it could only be by a first-rate histrionic artist. The changes of dress are more rapid than any I have ever seen; and the writing of the entertainment is, good, without any intense and laborious strain after fun.

MISS EMMA STANLEY IN THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

The success of this celebrated Artiste in the various towns of Australia was one continued ovation. The press unanimously accorded the most flattering encomiums on her genius, which was fully sustained by the success she achieved during her several engagements in Melbourne, Sydney, and the various towns on the Gold-fields.

In the City of Melbourne her monopolologue was presented at the Royal Princess' Theatre for 50 CONSECUTIVE NIGHTS, during which time the Theatre was visited by upwards of 70,000 PERSONS. The house being so densely crowded on many occasions as to be compelled to refuse admission to the Theatre.

Of the many celebrated Artistes who have visited the Australias during the last six years, among whom may be mentioned the Prima Donnas Miss Catherine Hayes, Madame Anna Bishop, Madame Cailly; the Comédiennes, Miss Laura Keane, Mrs. Young, Miss Provost; the Tragedians, Mr. G. V. Brooke, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Stark, Mr. Booth, and the renowned Irish Comedian, Mr. James Hudson; the Magician, Professor Anderson, the Wizard of the North—the Press of Melbourne pronounces Miss Emma Stanley's success as unprecedented to the City.

PROGRAMME

AND

WORDS OF THE SONGS

OF THE

Seven Ages of Woman:

A

NEW LYRIC ENTERTAINMENT,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

M I S S

EMMA STANLEY,

BY

E. L. BLANCHARD.

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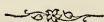
C. 1860

BRIEF MEMOIR OF MISS EMMA STANLEY.

MISS EMMA STANLEY was born in Exeter: her father, George Stanley, was of a highly respectable Derby family. At an early age he adopted the profession of an Actor, and divided public favour with the distinguished artist, W. Murray, of Edinburgh. When still young, he married the granddaughter of John West Dudley Digges, a member of the noble family of De la Warr (the present Mrs. Stanley, late of the Haymarket Theatre). Miss Emma Stanley commenced her profession when a child, and became a great provincial favourite, particularly so at the Liverpool Theatre Royal, also at Glasgow and Edinburgh; in the latter city, on the occasion of her *debut*, she was led forward by the manager, Mr. Murray, and received a most flattering public tribute, and the marked honour of being *the first female artiste that ever was called before an Edinburgh audience*. She made her first appearance before a London audience at the Lyceum Theatre; after which she was for a considerable period the established comedienne of the Princess's Theatre; and she was specially engaged for one season at the Adelphi Theatre, where she made a decided hit in Selby's "Moral Philosopher." At the termination of her engagement at the Princess's, Miss Stanley visited the provinces with the greatest success, and in Dublin had the honour of being chosen, by order of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to be the leading artiste at the Garrison performances, for three successive years, since which period she has devoted herself entirely to the *practice* of music, particularly with a view to the present entertainment.

The success which attended the production of "*The Seven Ages of Woman*," at St. Martin's Hall, in December, 1855, was attested by the general voice of the public, and the universal testimony of the public press. Since her departure from England in May, 1856, on a professional tour round the world, Miss Emma Stanley has visited the principal towns and cities in British North America, the United States, California, Australia, the Sandwich Islands, and India. The great interest everywhere taken in an entertainment so peculiarly illustrative of English life and character, was not the least gratifying among the many pleasurable associations connected with her reminiscences of travel, which gave her such favourable opportunities of studying the peculiarities of the inhabitants of each country, in every part of the civilised world. It is with a grateful remembrance of the cordial reception experienced abroad, that Miss Emma Stanley returns to her native land, hoping to receive and deserve a renewal of that kind support which was so encouragingly afforded her on her *debut* as an "entertainer" in this country.

PREFATORY INTRODUCTION.



PREFACES AND THEIR PECULIARITIES—FORMAL, FANCIFUL,
AND FEMININE.

Impersonation—Mr. PAUL PROJECT.

ADVICE GRATIS—HINTS TO PERSONS ABOUT TO GIVE
ENTERTAINMENTS.

PREFACE.

When these entertainments first came into fashion,
What brilliant ideas in a moment would flash on
The one who could choose for a subject the best,
And who, being the first, got the start of the rest.
Now all, with an eye to some profit and gain meant,
Will try of themselves to give some Entertainment;
And so I discovered the only thing new
Was to try if a lady could entertain you.

The fare I provide will consist of two courses,
For which many kingdoms have furnished resources;
And as for the viands that garnish the shelf,
They each shall be properly dressed—by myself.
To give to my guests an agreeable impression,
I serve them up quickly in rapid succession;
And venture to hope—though they follow in haste—
That each one is suited to somebody's taste.

So as to my table to-night I invite you,
May you find it able, some way, to delight you;
And if my endeavours should not prove in vain,
They may tempt a few round me to drop in again.
Success is a thing, as we all understand it,
Too doubtful for mortals to surely command it;
But if you're content with the will I exert,
I know from your hands I shall get my desert.

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The Seven Ages of Woman.

OVERTURE, PROGRAMME, &c.

PART FIRST.

THE FIRST AGE.

"FIRST THE INFANT IN ITS NURSE'S ARMS."

Impersonation—Mrs. BROWN, the Monthly Nurse.

(HER REMINISCENCES.)

CURIOSITIES OF THE CRADLE—BABIES AND BOTHERS—NOTES
FROM THE NURSERY—REMARKABLE ILLUSION—THE
INEXHAUSTIBLE BOTTLE—A CRYING EVIL.

VOCAL ILLUSTRATION.

OLD AIR.

Oh, there once was a baby in fair Gloucestershire,
That all the whole country did come to admire ;
And when she grew up she came to be Queen,
Which by the whole island of Europe was seen.

She made of her father a Duke all so wise,
She made of her mother a lady likewise,
And of her old nurse she did straightway declare
That no other but she should be London's Lord Mayor.

THE SECOND AGE.

"AND THEN THE SCHOOL GIRL."

POUTING AND PINAFORES—THE SATIRICAL AND SENTIMENTAL
YOUNG LADY.

Impersonation—Miss JEMIMA JENKINS.

THE STORY OF HER LOVE—LYRICS OF THE LACHRYMOSE—THE
BLIGHTED ONE—Mr. SOLOMON SPRIGGINS.

VOCAL ILLUSTRATION.

A MEDLEY OF MELODIES.

SONG—THE LIFE OF A SCHOOL GIRL.

AIR—"Sweet Kitty Clover."

The life of a school-girl, if any one would know,
O, o, o, o, o, o.
I'll tell them the way that it bothers us so;
So, o, o, o, so, so.
There's drawing, and music, and French, and all that,
Which from morning till night we're supposed to be at,
Oh! living in clover it isn't we know.
No, no, no, no, no, no.

AIR—"Voulez vous danser."

Every morning up at six,
Have to shake ourselves awake,
At breakfast they contrive to mix
Coffee that might be stronger.

Bread and butter—simple fare—
Of butter there is none to spare—
Of our complexion to take care,
And keep youths' roses longer.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

GEOGRAPHY—HISTORY—NATURAL HISTORY, &c., &c.

VOCAL ILLUSTRATION.

IN A KIND OF COSTUME.

AIR—"Over the Water to Charley."

In a kind of costume that a Frenchman would charm,
(Such a hat !) comes the teacher of dancing,
His quaint little fiddle tucked under his arm,
And his legs by instalments advancing.
To dance every figure known under the sun,
He gives us instructions most ample ;
And as for the manner in which it is done,
Take this for an average sample.

Impersonation—M. CHASSEZ.

THE DANCING MASTER.

VOCAL ILLUSTRATION.

AIR—"Kæinig's Valse D'Amour."

Now, Ma'amselle, you will just do as I do—so—
One—two—three.

Ha! turn leetle more out your toe—so—look at me.
One—two—three.

Now raise yourself up. Oh ! alarming !
You have got leetle too much your arm in.
Aha ! zat is capital—charming.

One—two—and three, and—Bravo !

THE MUSIC MASTER.

AIR—" *Prima Donna Valse.*"

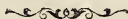
And then there's the musical bore—at four,
 Who teaches us how to get o'er a score.
 But the key is so high,
 We only can try,
 If we pitch it an octave lower—no more.

THE SINGING LESSON.

AIR—" *Hey down, ho down.*"

And this one task done,
 Another has begun.
 Oh ! who'd lead the life of a school-girl ?

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAMS—VERDANT VISIONS—PRECOCIOUS
 PLAYMATES—WOULD-BE SUITORS, THEIR FAMI-
 LIARITIES AND PECULIARITIES.



THE IMPULSIVE AND THE IMPASSIONED.

Impersonation—ALPHONSO MONTMORENCY DE BELVILLE.



THE SLOW AND THE STUPID.

Impersonation—Mr. NIMINY PYM.

(A YOUTH WITH TWO WORDS AND ONE IDEA.)

REFLECTIONS—PERILS OF SCYLLA AND DANGERS OF
 CHARYBDIS—ADVICE TO PERSONS ABOUT TO
 MARRY—LADIES BEWARE !

SONG—A TALE OF MATRIMONIAL MISERIES.

AIR—" *Who's for Calais?* "

RECITATIVE.

Married this day, July 5th, the morning paper owns,
 Miss Adeline Eliza Smith to Mr. Shakespeare Jones ;
 How merrily the bells ring out, but locked in wedlock's bands,
 The late Miss Smith—now Mrs. Jones—will only ring her hands.
 For she has got a tale to tell, that's no less strange than true,
 And as she told the tale to me, I'll tell the tale to you ;
 For there's this moral in it—marry whom you will or can,
 But never—ever—ladies wed an Intellectual Man.

AIR.

[*The late Miss Smith, now Mrs. Jones, thus proceeded.*]

You know long ago, we had pleasantly settled
 To pass the first month of our marriage in France,
 When Jones changed his mind—I was horribly nettled—
 But that's all the change of which I got a chance.
 We took a small house, built in style called Egyptian,
 And lots of new furniture came in the van,
 It was all of the most intellectual description,
 For Jones was a most intellectual man.

[To make himself look like the portraits of Byron,
 He turned down his collar, and brushed up his hair,
 And would thus walk about with the worst of attire on,
 Because men of genius for dress didn't care.
 What he called his "study" was one of the attics,
 Where to go the first thing in the day he began,
 And shut up in this room till he got the rheumatics,
 I rarely saw my intellectual man.]

Each night a large party, what he called a "swarry,"
All men, would assemble upstairs for a chat,
 But not one amongst them—to say it I'm sorry—
 Would first scrape acquaintance down stairs with the mat.
 They spoilt my best carpet—so very provoking—
 And jugs of hot punch I kept sending by Ann,
 When long after midnight a strong smell of smoking,
 Surrounded my most intellectual man.

Then, some after walking down stairs most unsteadily,
 Found that their purses could not be discerned,
 So they borrow "a little loose silver," most readily,
 Just for a cab—but it's never returned.
 Then Jones comes to bed, and it's plain to be seen, he has
 Taken as much as I fancy he can,
 When he tells me, "My dear," it's a failing of genius,
 Common to each intellectual man.

[To lectures and meetings, in endless variety,
 Jones was accustomed to constantly roam;
 But he, whilst belonging to every society,
 Always forgot there was none left at home,
 Then trying hard words in six syllables lately,
 His head was quite full of some wonderful plan,
 Till turning the house topsy-turvy, I greatly
 Found fault with this most intellectual man.]

Botany, Chemistry, Science, Astronomy,
 Always begun with our breakfast the day,
 Sadly bewild'ring the household economy,
 Nothing was done in a sensible way;
 But after his head felt a kind of a dizziness,
 And all through our fortune Jones found he had ran,
 He made up his mind just to stick to his business,
 And Jones has become now a sensible man.



THE THIRD AGE.

"AND THEN THE LOVER."

FLIRTATION AND AGITATION—THE EVENING BELLE AND
 THE EVENING PARTY.

Impersonation—Miss FLYRTILLA.

SONG—HARP ACCOMPANIMENT.

SPANISH SONG—LA LIMENA LA FLOR DEL PERU,

WITH GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT.

A VISITOR AND A CONTRAST—MORNING CALLS AND MODERN
 MOVEMENT.

Impersonation—Miss MUDDLESTONE.

THE UNSOPHISTICATED ONE—COUSIN GEORGE AND HIS
COLLOQUIES—COUSINS AND COZENING—
MISCHIEF AND MYSTIFICATION.

Impersonation—MAJOR BRAGG.

ALL ROUND THE GLOBE IN FIVE MINUTES—REMINISCENCES
OF TRAVEL.

SONG—A SCAMPER OVER THE WORLD.

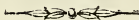
AIR—" *Post Horn Galop.*"

Here I'll make a slight digression,
Talking makes too light impression;
Music can give more expression,
And besides a wise confession,
Now 'tis all the fashion.

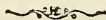
Home, we really find, is growing
Vulgar quite, there is no knowing
Where at last the world is going,
Travelling is the passion.

Dioramas, Cycloramas,
Cosmoramas, Panoramas,
Polyoramas, Stereoramas,
Painting places, men and manners,
Folks will spend their cash on.

&c., &c., &c.



END OF PART I.



AN INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES.

PART SECOND.

THE FOURTH AGE.

"THE LADY OF A CERTAIN AGE."

THE SMALL TEA TABLE AND PETTY COTERIE OF A NEW
NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Impersonation—Miss MATILDA MILDEW.

VOCAL ILLUSTRATION.

(WITH OCCASIONAL INTERRUPTIONS.)

SONG—TEA TABLE GOSSIP; OR, YOU NEEDN'T SAY A
WORD.AIR—" *He was such a nice young man.*"

Oh ! what a place for scandal this
 Has come to, I declare ;
 I wouldn't give—(oh, thank you—yes,
 If you've got one to spare)—
 I wouldn't give the least offence,
 By telling what's occurred ;
 But if it's told in confidence,
 You needn't say a word.

They say the Browns at number six,
 Are not quite what they seem ;
 Miss Simpson, too, is in a fix,
 About—(a little cream).
 Miss Sharpe, we all thought rather gay,
 If all be true I've heard,
 With Captain Smith has gone away ;
 But you needn't say a word.

The Pratts who to the Lakes went down,
 To spend their honeymoon,
 Like cat and dog have come to town—
 (I'll thank you for a spoon).

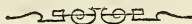
And Mrs. Jones, whose hair is grey—
 She's sixty 'tis averred—
 Has gone and dyed it brown, they say,
 But mum, mind not a word.

[You recollect the Thomsons well,
 They wouldn't take advice;
 And now their house they'll have to sell,
 Without—(the smallest slice).
 Miss Johnson's reputation here
 Must not be lightly slurred;
 But *that* child's *not* her niece, my dear—
 You needn't say a word.

There's Mr. Reeves, I think will make
 Proposals to Miss Blore;
 He's rather sweet just now—(I'll take
 One lump of sugar more).
 I don't think, though, he'd talk so big,
 If he but overheard;
 As I did—that she wore a wig;
 But you needn't say a word.]

I know some folks who daily strive
 Of tales to go in quest;
 (Well one cup more—that makes up five)—
 Now scandal I detest.
 (Oh! sweet enough it will become,
 As yet I have not stirred);
 But as for me, you know—I'm mum—
 I never say a word.

HOUSEHOLD ANNOYANCES—DOMESTIC DISAGREEABLES—
 VARIOUS VEXATIONS—WOMAN'S TRIALS.



VOCAL ILLUSTRATION.

SONG—A CHAPTER OF CHARACTERS.

Of life's many troubles that daily befall,
 To get a good servant's the greatest of all;
 And whoever has once kept a house will agree,
 I'm sure, in this small proposition with me,
 Ge—o—graphic, biographic,
 And poly—o—graphic, although they may be.

VOCAL ILLUSTRATION.

One day you discover you've reason to grieve,
 When Jane, with a curtséy gives warning to leave,
 Gone off with the butler you find is the case,
 And this is the next one who comes for a place—
 She keeps on bobbin, does Margery Dobbin,
 And comes from the country, as here you may trace.

Impersonation—MARGERY DOBBIN.

VOCAL ILLUSTRATION.

When that one had vanished, the next that applies
 Is sure she can do just whatever she tries;
 But never a thing did she try in this style,
 Says Norah O'Flynn, from the Emerald Isle,
 Who tries to carney, tips the blarney,
 And thinks for the wages she's worth your while.

Impersonation—NORAH O'FLYNN.

VOCAL ILLUSTRATION.

As soon as you find that Miss Norah won't do,
 A tall bonnie lassie is brought into view,
 From Glasgow she comes, and her character gives,
 In a letter, that's sent from the place where she lives,
 With Baillie McPherson—
 You don't know the person—
 But this is the one that the lady receives.

Impersonation—MAGGIE McPHAIL.

A sample of most you by this time have had,
 And run through the list of the good and the bad,
 When a lady of colour, that's warranted fast,
 Hopes, just for a help, you'll engage her at last.
 And so Miss Dinah, dressed out finer
 Than all the others, shall with them be classed.

INTENSELY INTERESTING ROMANCES, AND THEIR INTENSELY
 INTERESTING CONSEQUENCES—BARBARA THE BROKEN-
 HEARTED—MATILDA THE MILDEWED.

Impersonation—JANE DOWDY.

VOCAL ILLUSTRATION.

A LAMENTABLE LACHRYMOSE LYRICAL LEGEND ABOUT
HIM, HER, AND THE OTHER.

There was a maiden loved a youth
In the town that I was was born in—born in,
And she wrote him by the penny post,
To meet her in the mornin—mornin.

The maiden's heart it beated quick,
For oh ! it was like tinder—inder,
His Christian name was Frederick,
And her's was Dolorinda—linder.

The wicked postman, he forgot
The letter to deliver—liver,
Cried she, " My lover's false ;" and so
She jumped into the river—iver.

[The postman took the note she wrote
But he, alas ! forgot it—got it,
And he de-liv-ered another note,
And that there note was not it—not it.]

When Fred'rick found his love was lost,
That he loved so partik'lar—tickler,
In a waterbutt he plunged fore-most
Till his legs were perpendicular—dicklar.

This when the postman came to hear,
His conscience smote him shocking—ocking,
You might have heard his knees with fear
Against each other knocking—ocking.

So he resolved to give up hope,
Which seemed to be a failure—ailure,
And he put himself in an envelope,
Directed to Australia—alia.

But others did great letters send,
Which did the postman smother—other,
So all three came to a dreadful end,
Him, her, and 'tother—other.

THE FIFTH AGE.

"THE STRONG-MINDED WOMAN."

POLYGLOT POWERS AND ALL LANGUAGES TALKED AND
TAUGHT IN ONE MINUTE.

Impersonation—Mrs. SAMPSON SMYTHE.

HINTS FOR HUSBANDS AND WISDOM FOR WIVES.

VOCALIZATION.

A DITTY IN DUTCH.



THE SIXTH AGE.

"MATURITY AND MATERNITY."

THE MOTHER OF A HAPPY FAMILY—A DAGUERROTYPE FROM
THE LIFE.

Impersonation—WIDOW WADDELL.

SORROW AND SOAP SUDS—AN ACCOUNT OF PETER, TOMMY,
JANE, MARGARET AND THE INFANT—A FAMILY PICTURE.



THE SEVENTH AGE.

"LAST SCENE OF ALL THAT ENDS THIS STRANGE, EVENTFUL HISTORY."

Impersonation—GRANDMOTHER GREY.

SONG—IN MY YOUNG TIME.

In my young time, in my young time,
Couples in harmony did chime ;
Now men dare almost contradict,
To order us and to direct us.

In my young time, in my young time,
 Modesty was in its prime,
 And virtuous girls did then make brides,
 And children kept their place besides;
 Good manners then were in their prime,
 In my young time, in my young time.

CONCLUDING

P O L Y M E L O S ,

(BY WAY OF EPILOGUE.)

ILLUSTRATED VOCAL SKETCHES.

ITALIAN,		SWISS,		FRENCH,
TURKISH,		SPANISH,		SCOTCH.

MARSEILLAISE HYMN,
 THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER,
 AND
 GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

FINALE.

The Seven Ages of Woman.

The Era.—Unquestionably one of the most delightful entertainments at present to be met with in the metropolis, is that which was presented for the first time on Monday last, at St. Martin's Hall, under the title of "The Seven Ages of Woman." The illustrator of the entertainment is Miss Emma Stanley, a lady whose unbounded wit, great appreciation of character, polite education, and native genius—a genius inherited from her mother—long made her a great favorite at the Princess's Theatre, where the principal light comedy parts were intrusted to her judicious keeping. Universal, however, as was the admiration which Miss Stanley created at the Princess's, we doubt whether the general public had any idea of the great versatility of her talent, or of her consummate ability as an artiste. We confess that we ourselves had never given her credit for half the genius which she displays in the present entertainment: and, if upon former occasions we have ever passed over her merits with a superficial eye, we are all the more anxious now to make reparation for past omissions. Miss Stanley, who makes her appearance upon an elegantly dressed stage, in a tastefully decorated apartment of St. Martin's Hall, commences with a whimsical prefatory introduction, in which she briefly alludes to the inducements which have led her to undertake this species of entertainment. For this purpose, arranging herself with lightning celerity behind a flap board, which she raises and depresses as occasion requires, she presents herself, in coat, wig, and spectacles, as Mr. Paul Project,—a specimen of the genus homo that one often meets with—who has an idea and a suggestion for everybody. Mr. Project recommends such an entertainment as the present, and Miss Stanley resolves to adopt his hint. In a moment the wig, hat, spectacles, and Paul Project are gone, and Miss Stanley presents herself in her own proper and most becoming person. She states, however, that as a dutiful daughter, she felt it her duty to consult with her maternal parent, before entering upon so hazardous a step. The reply of her mother was decided. Paraphrasing Scott's well-known couplet in "Marmion," Miss Stanley aptly says:

"Charge, Emma, charge; on, Stanley, on!
Were the last words of Ma-m-y-own!"

We quite accord in the perfect propriety of the panegyric, which was written by the celebrated M. Bouffe, after witnessing her performance of "The Devil's in it," and "The Angel of the Attic."

"You, who every charm possess,
Which our smiles or tears can bring;
You whom all the world confess,
Graceful as a fairy thing.
Emma Stanley! artiste rare,
Long may you each sense delight,
Whether as demon you appear,
Or, better still, as angel bright."

We wish Miss Stanley every success in her new undertaking; and we promise that every one who visits this entertainment will find that there is a rich treat in store for them. We should add that the "literature" is first class, and that the musical arrangements are perfect and unique.

MISS EMMA STANLEY IN AMERICA.

New York Herald.—It is hardly possible to describe this unique exhibition in which Miss Stanley without assistance succeeds in amusing an audience for two hours; it is the sketch of a life of a woman from infancy to old age. In every respect each of the characters presented to us was a type in itself. It is hard to select one point where all are so excellent.

Boston Ledger.—There is a richness in Miss Stanley's impersonations that cannot be described; all the characters she represents are faithful copies from life; no one should lose the opportunity of witnessing her performances.

OPINION OF THE LEADING PAPERS IN VICTORIA.

The Melbourne Argus.—At the Princess's Theatre Miss Emma Stanley is performing her monopolylogue of the Seven Ages of Woman, an entertainment which has had an unprecedented run for the Colonial stage. Miss Stanley's performances must be pronounced as the most decided Theatrical success we have witnessed in our city.

OPINIONS OF THE SYDNEY PRESS.

Sydney Empire.—Miss Sydney bids fair to create as much excitement in our city as the Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind, did in London and New York. Few who have witnessed her unique performance imagine it within the bounds of possibility for a Lady unaided to rivet the attention of thousands—such has been her audiences. It is, however, a fact.

The Herald.—Suffice it is to say that as a vocalist, instrumental performer, and unrivalled delineator of character, the talent of Miss Emma Stanley is such that we are fully warranted in pronouncing her entertainments, as they were in Melbourne, an unprecedented Theatrical success.

MISS EMMA STANLEY IN INDIA.

The Calcutta Englishman.—We do not merely rely on the reports of others, when we add our assurance that Miss Stanley is as talented as they represent her to be, and that in the branch of her profession she is as perfect an artiste as Miss Catherine Hayes in her own line.

Opinions of the Daily Press.

TIMES.

"Miss Stanley's 'Seven Ages of Woman' is not only one of the neatest, most tasteful, and most amusing 'entertainments' ever presented to the public, but it reveals a new talent, the existence of which was not suspected. Under the head, 'Seven Ages of Woman,' Miss Stanley exhibits an almost infinite variety of female characters, conducting her type of the fair sex from the arms of the monthly nurse to the easy-chair of decrepid old age, through the intermediate stages of the school, the ball-room, the scandal-surrounded tea-table, and the throne of the *materfamilias*. The mechanical Celerity with which the lady changes her dress in conformity with so many impersonations is truly astonishing; but this is the least of her qualifications. The delineation of character is marked by vivacity and intelligence throughout, and in some cases there are refined touches which belong to the highest class of comedy acting. The 'professed flirt'—despite of a brilliant *soiree*—who talks to one of her devotees as she carelessly strikes off a few desultory passages on the piano, raising him, crushing him, coaxing him, and tormenting him as caprice suggests—is as original in conception as it is perfect in execution. The dignified old lady, who represents the 'last stage of all,' though a less novel personage, is equally remarkable as a specimen of histrionic finish."

MORNING POST.

"A new lyric entertainment has been produced, in anticipation of adding to the amusements of the Christmas holiday-makers, in one of the rooms of the above establishment, in which Miss Emma Stanley takes upon herself to perform, and illustrate with appropriate costume, 'The Seven Ages of Woman'; and we may venture to assert that in all the entertainments undertaken by one person, we have never seen one which was more completely satisfactory."

MORNING CHRONICLE.

"Miss Stanley possesses considerable dramatic and vocal powers, with a decided aptitude for the delineation of character in the peculiar line which is now becoming so popular. The nature of the entertainment will be readily collected from the title. The fair performer describes, in a series of musical illustrations, the seven momentous ages of female existence. The lyrical part of the entertainment is excellently executed, and Miss Stanley's impersonations were very well received by a numerous audience."

MORNING HERALD.

"Of the general scheme of the entertainment some notion may be gathered from the foregoing outline. The characters which Miss Stanley introduces *à propos* to the seven main divisions, whether presented in full length or brought up suddenly from behind a table, are all exceedingly graphic, the transition from one to the other being accomplished with astonishing rapidity. The flirt who shines so vividly in the 'third age,' the credulous Miss Muddlestone, who believes all the impossibilities which Cousin George tells her; the gallery of domestic servants; and above all the romantic housemaid, are perhaps the happiest of the portraiture; but the individualities in each case admirably sustained, and may be said to merit uniform praise. Miss Stanley sings innumerable songs; and altogether the entertainment is so varied and excellent of its kind, that we shall be surprised indeed, if it fails to secure the good word and countenance of the town."

MORNING ADVERTISER.

"It would be impossible in a brief notice, to do full justice to the entertainment, which was most amusing, and which met with the cordial approval of a numerous audience. Two hours cannot be spent more agreeably than by witnessing Miss Stanley, in the 'Seven Ages of Woman.'"

DAILY NEWS.

"We have artists who can throw themselves into the past with energy and truth; we have others who can do justice to melo-dramatic situations, whether comic or tragic; but what we seldom see, is a trustworthy representation of the sort of life which fills the actual dwellings in which the modern world resides. One feature of this life in which the flirt plays a conspicuous part, was portrayed by Miss Stanley with a perfection which is seldom achieved. The delicate way in which she plays with the unfortunate lover, who has swallowed the bait, hook and all, which she has cunningly thrown out; the admirable mode in which she manages the conversation with the unfortunate, while she is running her fingers in the most tantalising manner up and down the keys of the pianoforte, was a triumph of histrionic art. Nothing was strained or over-acted. The beauty of this portion of the performance electrified the audience, and drew down thunders of applause. We need not go through the list of characters which Miss Stanley took for illustration. It is sufficient to say that the whole of the 'ages' were well represented, and the sketch of 'Grandmother Gray,' at the end, was marked by the same degree of excellence which distinguished that of Miss Flytrilla. We select these two characters out of a performance in which there was no failure, simply because in the representation Miss Stanley displayed powers which are sufficient to place her in the highest rank in her profession. There can be little doubt that this entertainment is destined to become extremely popular, and that it will occupy a large share in the attention of the lovers of pleasure in the ensuing Christmas holidays."

To these have been added the highest encomiums of the entire Metropolitan Press, without exception, including the Morning, Evening, Weekly, and other Journals.